DARK HORSE COMICS
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#7
THE GOON
by Eric Powell and Mike Mignola

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

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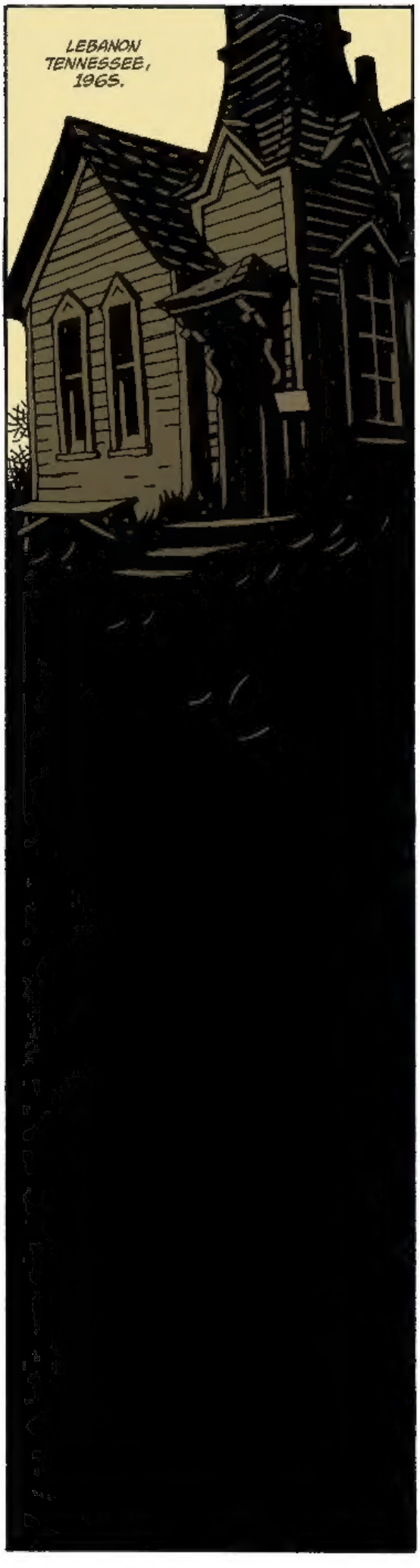
LEBANON
TENNESSEE,
1965.

COME IN

THE GOON
MAGAZINE
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A THRILLING
PUBLICATION
KRANG
GAA!

KRANG

AND I SAYS, "PULL YER PANTS UP, CLETUS! THEY AIN'T CHECKIN' YA FOR TICKS!"
COURSE BY THEN HE HAD GOTTEN EXCITED AND WASN'T NOBODY IN THE PLACE SAFE.

IT TOOK THREE GUYS JUST TO PULL HIM OFF OLD LADY LAVEAUX. AND I HA--
SHH!!
WHAT IS THAT?
BWAAAAAAAA

BWAAAAAAAAA
BOOM
SON OF A--

HEY, YA JERK! YA NEARLY HIT ME WITH YER PLANE!
WASN'T MINE. MUSTA BELONGED TO THE OCTOPUS.
THE COMMUNIST AIRBORNE MOLLUSK MILITIA!
DAMN THEM!
WHERE ...
HELLO?
BONK!
YOUR KIND KILLED MY JEFFREY IN THE WAR! HE WAS THE LOVE OF MY LIFE!

JEEZ.
WHAT THE HELL?
THIS BOY'S WEIRD. I BET WE COULD PUT HIM IN THE BACK OF NORTON'S AND CHARGE A QUARTER A PEEK.
QUARTER?! A BUCK FIFTY!
SAY, FELLA, WANNA MAKE A QUICK BUCK?
NOT REALLY.
HE DON'T WANT NO MONEY, GOON.
HE MUST BE ONE OF THEM SLOW TYPES. WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE PSYCHOLOGY ON HIM.
FALLIN' OUT OF THE SKY AND SMASHIN' YER FACE IN THE STREET LIKE THAT MUST BE THIRSTY WORK. C'MON, WE'LL BUY YA A DRINK.
IS THIS ALBUQUERQUE?
THAT YOUR NATURAL COMPLEXION OR YOU GOT SOME KIND OF NASTY RASH OR SOMETHIN'?
NATURAL, I GUESS.
I'M GONNA CALL YOU ROSIE.
I DON'T THINK I LIKE YOU AT ALL.

WHAT THE--?!
PORK CHOPS
ZOMBIES!
SLACK JAWS!

THERE YA GO, ROSIE! YOU LEARN 'EM!
POP!
STINKIN' SLACK JAWS!

WHY WERE THE ZOMBIES LOADING TRUCKS WITH PORKCHOPS?
WHAT IS YA, IGNORANT? SINCE THE SWINE REVOLT, CHOPS HAS BECOME A HOT COMMODITY!
GET A LOAD OF ROSIE! HE DON'T KNOW FROM PIG REVOLTS!
STINKIN' ZOMBIE PRIEST CUTTIN' IN ON MY BUSINESS!
YOU'RE IN THE PORK-CHOP BUSINESS?
HOW ABOUT THAT DRINK?
HEY, NORTON, THIS HERE'S ROSIE.
THE NAME'S HELLBOY.
SURE IT IS. GIVE EVERYBODY A ROUND!
NORTON'S PUB

HEY, GOON
AH! GOD DAMN GIANT TALKING SPIDER!
WHAP!
STOP!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, ROSIE?! YOU AIN'T GOT NO CALL TA GO BEATIN' ON SPIDER! LEAST NOT TILL YA GET TA KNOW HIM!
SNIFF! WHADDID I DO?! WHADDID I DO?!
SORRY. THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE.
GA-HAA!

HA! HA!
... SO HE'S GOT THIS THING TIED UP IN A SACK, AND WE'RE BEATIN' IT SOMETHIN' UNMERCIFUL WITH A BASEBALL BAT AND PIPES AND WHAT NOT, WHEN CHARLIE NOODLES COMES UP AND SAYS, "ANYBODY SEEN THAT MUTE TRAMP BILLY? HE STOLE MY GORILLA SUIT."
HA! HA!

ONCE I WAS IN JAPAN, AND I WAS IN THIS HOUSE, AND THERE WERE ALL THESE GUYS WITH NO HEADS. THE HEADS WERE OFF IN THE WOODS PLOTTING TO EAT ME, SO I TOOK ALL THE BODIES AND HID 'EM IN THE LAKE.

AND IN THE MORNING ALL THE HEADS JUST SORT OF ... BURNED UP.
PORK CHOP?

EXCUSE ME. EXCUSE ME.
TUG TUG
MY LITTLE GIRL WHAT OWNS ME IS LOST. SHE IS LOST. WON'T YOU HELP HER?
WITH RIBBONS IN HER GOLDEN HAIR AND HER BLUE DRESS ON. BLUE TO MATCH THE COLOR OF HER EYES WHICH ARE AS BLUE AND DEEP AS A DIRGE ON A RAIN-WASHED DAY OF MOURNING. SHE IS LOST. SHE IS LOST IN THE FOREST. HER DAINTY FOOT IS CAUGHT AND TWISTED IN THE ROOTS OF A GREAT TREE. IT GRIPS HER PORCELAIN FLESH. SHE IS ALONE. SHE IS LOST AND ALONE IN THE DARK. WON'T YOU HELP ME?
YEAH, OKAY.
SHOW ME.

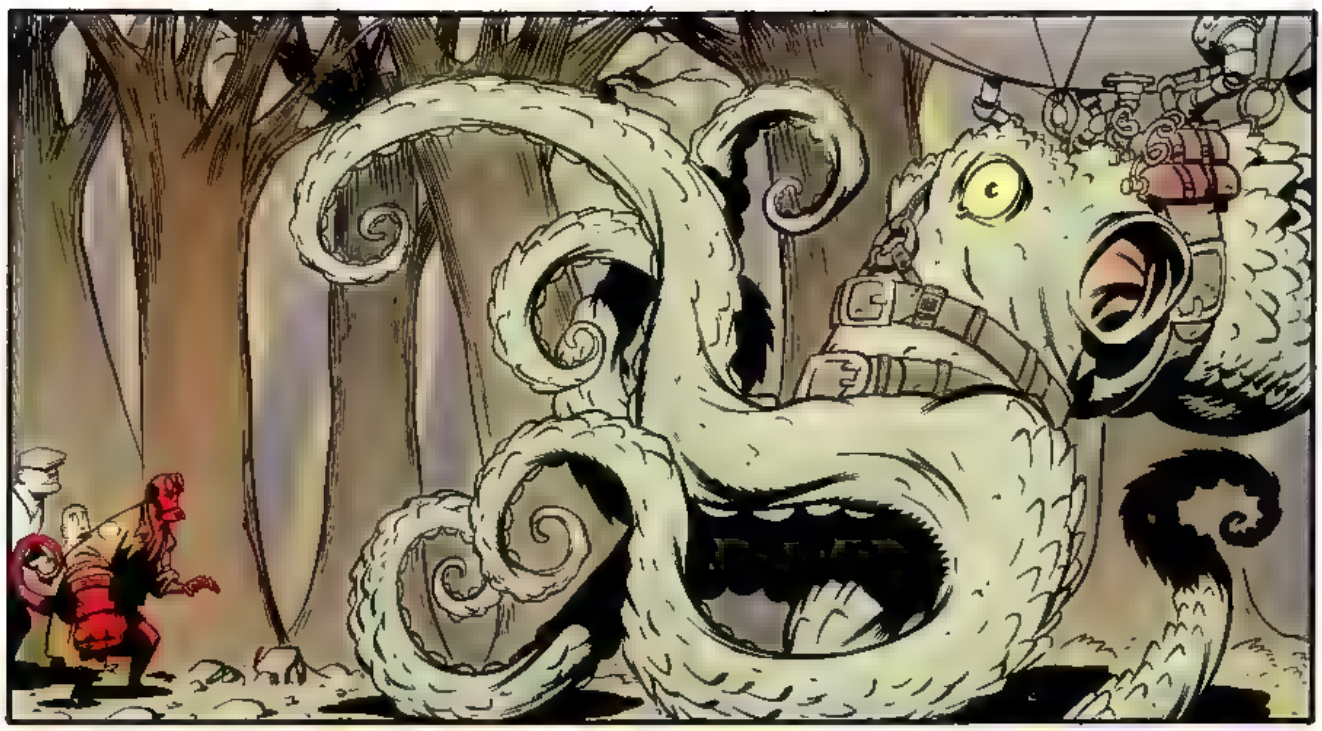
NOW WHERE'S HE GOIN'?
WE BEST FOLLOW HIM. IT AIN'T WISE TO LEAVE THEM SLOW TYPES UNSUPERVISED.
THAT NUT IS GOIN' INTA OLD HORSE-EATER'S WOODS!
HOLD IT! YOU DON'T WANT TA GO IN THERE.
THERE'S A LOST LITTLE GIRL IN THERE. THE CAT TOLD ME.
WHAT CAT?

YOU DON'T SEE THIS CAT?!
FLOATIN' HEADS ... INVISIBLE CATS ... I'M TELLIN' YA THIS BOY AIN'T RIGHT!
MAYBE THEM STUMPS IS DIGGIN' INTA HIS BRAIN.
THEY ARE LIARS! THEY ARE TRYING TO DRIVE YOU MAD! THEY ARE CRUEL LIARS AND WANT MY LITTLE GIRL TO DIE IN THE WOODS!
LISTEN, WHY DON'T WE ALL GO BACK TO NORTON'S?
YEAH, WEEE'LL HAAAVE POOORK CHOOOPS!
SCREW YOUR PORK CHOPS! YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!

OKAY, YA BIG LOON, YOU WANT IT THAT WAY?!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
AH-HA!
CRACK!

THUD!
HEY! THAT AIN'T RIGHT!
QUICKLY! FOLLOW ME! SHE'S ALONE AND FRIGHTENED!
HOW MUCH FURTHER?
WE ARE VERY CLOSE NOW!
I DON'T REMEMBER MY RIGHT NAME, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE A BUZZARD NO MORE.
IN FACT, WE'RE ALREADY HERE!
WHAT'S ALL THIS?!

I HAVE BROUGHT HIM, MASTER! BROUGHT HIM TO YOU! THE BEAST WITH THE STONE HAND!
HE DOES NOT BELONG HERE BUT YOU SAW HIS COMING! YES, YOU SEE ALL! HE IS BIG MAGIC, AND YOU WILL MAKE HIM THE BANE OF ALL WHO WALK IN THE LIGHT! AND WHEN ALL IS VEILED, I SHALL SIT AT YOUR RIGHT HAND BECAUSE YOU WILL REMEMBER IT WAS I WHO DELIVERED HIM TO YOU!
SHUT UP, CAT.
PREPARE THE SACRIFICE!
VIVA LA REVOLUTION!
GET A LOAD OF THIS! THE SLACK JAWS AND THE FLYIN' CHOWDER HEADS ARE HAVIN' A FRICKIN' POW WOW!
GOON?! YOU LED THE GOON HERE?!
I ... I ... I ...
KILL THE GOON--BRING ME THE RED ONE!!



STAND BACK! THIS IS WHAT I DO FOR A LIVING!

OH YEAH? WHEN I COME ACROSS SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS I JUST TRY TA PUNCH IT IN THE HEAD-- WHAT DO YOU DO?
PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING. I--

GAH!

WHAP!
GAS
SSSSSSSSSS
GAS
GET OFF IT, WORM PIE!

BLAM!

SNIKT!
YOU SEEIN' ME, SUNSHINE! I'M GONNA SHOW YA MY FAVORITE BIT!
KNIFE TO THE EYE!
GWAHH!!

BLAM!
BOOM!
SMOOTH, ROSIE, REAL SMOOTH.
YEAH, BUT IT WORKED.

ALL RIGHT, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. WHERE'S THE QUICKEST ROAD OUT OF HERE AND AWAY FROM YOU GUYS?
WHY DON'T YOU JUST CLICK THEM HOOVES TOGETHER AND MAYBE YOUR RUBY-RED BUTT WILL GET MAGICKED DOWN THE ROAD, YOU UNGRATEFUL LUNATIC!?
LUNATIC?! ME?!
I GAVE YOU PORK CHOPS!!
HEY, YOU.
FOR JEFFREY!! FOR JEFFREY!!
HEY, BUDDY. REMEMBER WHEN YOU SLUGGED ME WITH THAT BRICK HAND? YEAH, THAT WAS FUNNY.

KRANG
SON OF A...
POOF
WE'LL JUST PRETEND THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN.
THE END

EMPIRE